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## KEE LOX CARBON PAPER

## DUBLIN IN FESTIVAL GARB GREET THE KING

DUBLIN, July 8.—King George received a loyal welcome to Dublin today. The King, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary arrived at Kingstown harbor on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert last night. Today the royal party entered the capital, where they were received by Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and other officials.

The King wants to see all parts of the empire and every phase of life in it, and he spent one of the busiest days of his life looking over that portion contained within the boundaries of Dublin. After attending several functions this afternoon, he drove to Phoenix Park to see the races for the King's cup. All along the route and at the race track he was enthusiastically cheered. He arrived just in time to see Richard Croker's Bonanet win the fourth race, and hear the former Tammany chief vociferously cheered.

Among other affairs which the King attended was the opening of a play-center in the poorest and roughest district in Dublin. It was a time of the greatest anxiety for the police before the King's arrival. The police and crowds had several encounters, in one of which a sergeant's arm was broken. Troops were brought up, but were not required.

As soon as the King appeared this people, who are perhaps the poorest of his subjects, were carried away with enthusiasm, and gave him by far the most cordial reception of the day. Men and women, who had been jeering the police and soldiers, broke into hearty cheers which continued throughout the district. The King and Queen, although tired, showed their great pleasure at this ovation, which was entirely unexpected in that quarter.

Business was suspended throughout the city and the streets were crowded with people who had come to see what to them was an interesting pageant. Students from Trinity College gathered in force on College Green and gave their Majesties a loyal and enthusiastic welcome. The threatened counter demonstration did not materialize.

The town had been prettily decorated by a non-political committee, who were supported by citizens. The Nationalists adopted a passively friendly attitude, did not participate in the official reception and did not interfere.

### THE STAR'S STORY

(Continued from page seventeen.)

afterwards? If they had only let her have her boy back as they had brought back her husband—with the bullet in the middle of his forehead!

But she heard a noise of voices. It was the Prussians returning from the village. She hid her letter very quickly in her pocket, and she received them quietly, with her ordinary face, having had time to wipe her eyes.

They were laughing, all four, delighted, since they brought with them a fine rabbit—stolen, doubtless—and they made signs to the old woman that there was to be something good to eat.

She set herself to work at once to prepare breakfast; but when it came to killing the rabbit, her heart failed her. And yet it was not the first. One of the soldiers struck it down with a blow of his fist behind the ears.

The beast, once dead, she cut the red body from the skin; but the sight of the blood that she was touching, which covered her hands, and which she felt cooling and coagulating, made her tremble from head to foot; and she kept seeing her big boy cut in two, bloody, like this palpitating animal.

She sat at table with the Prussians, but she could not eat, not even a mouthful. They devoured the rabbit without bothering themselves about her. She looked at them askance, without speaking, her face so impassive that they perceived nothing.

All of a sudden she said: "I don't even know your names, and here's a whole month that we've been together." They understood, not without difficulty, what she wanted and

told their names. That was not sufficient; she had them written for her on a paper, with the addresses of their families, and resting her spectacles on her great nose, she considered that strange handwriting, then folded the sheet and put it in her pocket, on the top of the letter which told her the death of her son.

When the meal was ended, she said to the men:

"I am going to work for you."

And she began to carry up hay in the loft where they slept.

They were astonished at her taking all this trouble. She explained to them that they thus would not be so cold; and they helped her. They heaped the stacks of hay as high as the straw roof; and in that manner they made a sort of great chamber, with four walls of fodder, warm and perfumed, where they should sleep splendidly.

At dinner one of them was worried to see that La Mere Sauvage still ate nothing. She told him that she had pains in her stomach. Then she kindled a fire to warm herself, and the four Germans ascended to their lodging place by the ladder which served them every night for that purpose.

As soon as they had closed the trap-door the old woman removed the ladder, then opened the outside door noiselessly and went back to look for more bundles of straw, with which she filled her kitchen. She went barefoot in the snow so softly that no sound was heard. From time to time she listened to the snoring and unequal snoring of the four soldiers who were fast asleep.

When she judged her preparations to be sufficient, she threw one of the bundles into the fireplace, and when it was alight she scattered it over all the others. Then she went outside again and looked.

In a few seconds the whole interior of the cottage was illumined with a violent brightness and became a dreadful brazier, a gigantic fiery furnace, whose brilliance sooted out of the narrow window and threw a glittering beam upon the snow.

Then a great cry issued from the summit of the house; it was a clamor of human shriekings, heartrending calls of anguish and of fear. Finally, the trap having fallen in, a whirlpool of fire shot up into the loft, pierced the straw roof, rose to the sky like the immense flames of a torch; and all the cottage flared.

Nothing more was heard therein but the crackling of the fire, the crackling

sound of the walls, the falling of the rafters. Suddenly the roof fell in, and the burning carcass of the dwelling hurled a great plume of sparks into the air, amid a cloud of smoke.

The country, all white, lit up by the fire, shone like a cloth of silver tinted with red.

A bell far off began to toll.

The old Sauvage stood before her ruined dwelling, armed with her gun, her son's gun, for fear lest one of those men might escape.

When she saw that it was ended, she threw her weapon into the brazier. A loud report rang back.

People were coming—the peasants, the Prussians.

They found the woman seated on the trunk of a tree, calm and satisfied.

A German officer, but speaking French like a son of France, demanded:

"Where are your soldiers?"

She reached her bony arm towards the red heap of fire, which was slowly dying, and answered with a strong voice:

"There!"

They crowded around her. The Prussians asked:

"How did it take fire?"

"It was I who set it on fire."

They did not believe her. They thought that the sudden disaster had made her crazy. While all pressed round and listened, she told the story from one end to the other, from the arrival of the letter to the last cry of the men who were burned with her house, and never omitted a detail.

When she had finished, she drew two pieces of paper from her pocket, and, to distinguish them by the last glimmers of the fire, she again adjusted her spectacles; then she said, showing one: "That is the death of Victor."

Showing the other, she added, indicating the red ruins with a bend of the head: "Here are their names, so that you can write home." She quietly handed a sheet of paper to the officer who held her by the shoulders, and she continued:

"You must write how it happened, and you must say to their mothers that it was I who did that—Victorine Simon, la Sauvage! Do not forget."

The officer shouted some orders in German. They seized her, threw her against the walls of her house still hot. Then twelve men drew quickly up, before her, at twenty paces. She did not move. She had understood; she waited.

An order rang out, followed instantly by a long report. A belated shot went off by itself, after the others.

The old woman did not fall. She sank as though they had cut off her legs.

The Prussian officer approached. She was almost cut in two, and in her withered hand she still held her letter bathed with blood.

My friend Servat added:

"It was by way of reprisal that the Germans destroyed the chateau of the district, which belonged to me."

I thought of the mothers of those four fine fellows burned in that house and of the horrible heroism of that other mother shot against the wall.

And I picked up a little stone, still blackened by the flames.

### POSSIBILITIES OF MOVING PICTURES

The secretary of the National Board of Censorship is quoted in the Moving Picture News:

"The motion pictures are doing for dramatic art what the invention of the printing press did for literature, and to get the perspective of an invention of this sort one must look at it not in terms of a business to provide recreation, which is the purely amusement phase, but from the standpoint of an invention which will supply humanity with a means of expression and impression along many lines. Someone has predicted that the time will come when the business done in educational motion pictures alone will bear at least the same proportion to the entire motion picture trade as the enormous text book business now bears to the entire publishing output."

"The censoring committee insists that there shall be no sensationalism and no representation of crime except with the object of conveying a moral lesson. 'Crime for crime's sake' is condemned. Certain socially forbidden themes are, of course, proscribed, and any leaning toward oversensationalism is discouraged, but for the extreme demand which is sometimes made, namely, that all pictures of crime or violence be forbidden, the board is compelled to point out that such a standard would prohibit practically all of Shakespeare and the other classics, and even some of the best Biblical motion pictures that have been made, and would likewise make

impossible such historical pictures as the 'Life of Washington.'

The opinions of at least part of the trade on the possibilities of the moving picture are expressed editorially by the Moving Picture News:

"It can be used for the teaching of every subject. Foreign lands can be brought on the curtain and the minds can be taught geography and physiology, showing the actualities of these sciences far better than they can be obtained by the reading of the various school text books; in fact, everything can be illustrated, and it can be made a pleasure and not a hardship for the youth of today."

Of the regulation of this business the News says:

"In Chicago one municipal department controls picture houses; in New York seven, just six too many."

This town should adopt a simple method of controlling and overseeing 'picture houses.'

### PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and lose several days' time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

An amateur aviator in Chicago, falling a distance of sixty feet in his machine, leaped and fell into a haystack and escaped without a scratch.

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